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ALIENS™

Based on characters and situations from the Twentieth Century Fox motion picture.

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Script: **Mark Verheiden**

Art: **Mark A. Nelson**

Lettering: **Willie Schubert**

Publisher: Mike Richardson

Editor: Randy Stradley

Production: Chris Chalenor

Operations: Neil Hankerson

Cover colors: Mark A. Nelson and Randy Stradley

Special thanks to: "Bad" Bob Dvorak, Jeff Butler, Jeff Easley, Gil Rocha, Kathleen Aiken and Pam North.

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DO YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT LAST NIGHT?
WHY? IT WON'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE.
GIVE ME A TRY.
"IT STARTED WHEN MY FRIEND CARLY FOUND AN OLD DISC ABOUT CAMPING--YOU KNOW, THE REAL STUFF, ABOUT THE REAL LAND. THE DISC TALKED ABOUT THE CAMPING FIRE AND SING-AROUND SONGS.
"WE 'BORROWED' A CRAWLER AND DROVE OUT TO ONE OF THE REMOTE GENERATOR BUILDINGS.
"WE COULDN'T LIGHT A FIRE, BUT WE PLUGGED A CRAWLER HEATER INTO ONE OF THE BATTERY OUTLETS AND GOT CLOSE TO KEEP WARM."
I'M FREEZING! WHO'S IDEA WAS THIS?
YOURS POWER-DRAIN!
"I REMEMBER THINKING HOW MUCH I LIKED BEING THERE, AWAY FROM THE COLONY AND THE MACHINES--JUST ME AND MY FRIENDS."
WHAT ELSE DID THEY DO ON THE DISC, CARLY?
THEY BURNED RATIONS OVER A FIRE, WHICH SEEMED KINDA DUMB. AND SOMETIMES THEY...
SOMETIMES THEY TOLD STORIES. SCARY STORIES.

"CARLY WENT FIRST. IT WAS SOMETHING ABOUT VAMPIRES AND WITCHES AND MONSTERS. I KNEW IT WAS STRAIGHT OUT OF THE DISC LIBRARY, BUT IT DIDN'T MATTER. WITH THE WIND AND THE RAIN AND THE HUM OF THE HEATER, IT WAS AS SCARY AS ANY VIDEO."

...AND THEN... HE DRANK... ALL OF HER... BLOOD!!

GOD! I HATE VAMPIRES!

SHHHH!

"ABOUT THEN THE HEATER STOPPED WORKING. MAYBE IT WAS A SHORT. EVERYTHING TURNED COLD AND BLUE AND I STARTED TO SHIVER."

YOUR TURN, NEWT. WHAT'S THE SCARIEST THING YOU EVER SAW?

NO. I WANT TO GO BACK!

IT WAS *YOUR* IDEA, NEWT. DON'T CHICKEN OUT NOW--!

"I KNEW IF I DIDN'T TELL THEY'D NEVER GO BACK."

OKAY, OKAY. I KNEW A STORY ABOUT A REAL SCARY WITCH AND--

A *WITCH*? DON'T BE STUPID!

YOU KNOW SOMETHING SCARIER THAN THAT! TELL US!

PL--PLEASE-- CAN'T WE GO BACK--

TELL IT!

"I STARTED TO GET MAD AT THEM, PICKING ON ME LIKE THAT, ALL I WANTED TO DO WAS GO HOME. I DECIDED TO TELL THEM THE SCARIEST STORY I KNEW."

THERE ARE THESE-- *THINGS*-- THAT LIVE IN SPACE. THEY LIVE TO FEED-- AND TO HATE.

BETTER!

THEY HAVE ACID FOR BLOOD AND SKIN AS HARD AS HULL STEEL. YOU DON'T SEE THEM UNTIL THEY'RE ON TOP OF YOU. AND THEN ALL YOU SEE ARE THE *TEETH*, GLITTERING LIKE *SPARKS* AS THEY *SNAP*--

MAYBE THEY'RE FROM ANOTHER WORLD, OR MAYBE THEY JUST EXIST IN THE BLACK HELL OF SPACE, FEEDING ON ANYTHING THEY FIND. IT DOESN'T MATTER.

I--I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD--

BUT IT DOESN'T END IN DEATH.

NOTHING MATTERS BUT THOSE *TEETH*, SNAPPING SHUT ON BONE AND BRAIN TEARING, CUTTING, CRUSHING--

THEY USE WHAT'S LEFT FOR BREEDING, BURROWING INTO THE TISSUE, SPREADING LIKE CANCER, UNTIL THE PARASITE IS *WHOLE*, UNTIL THE *HATE* CAN BUILD AGAIN AND AGAIN AND--

MAG! WHAT'S WRONG?

SOMETHING--IS--AAA--AAAAAGGGGH!

OH GOD, NO!

I DON'T FEEL--

NOT AGAIN! NOT AGAIN!

"I GUESS THAT'S WHEN YOU FOUND ME IN THE HALL, SCREAMING."

NEWT! WAKE UP! YOU'RE DREAMING!

IF YOU'RE FEELING BETTER I'LL *LOOSEN* THE STRAPS.

YOU CAN DO ANYTHING YOU WANT. IT WON'T STOP THE DREAMS. *NOTHING* CAN STOP THE DREAMS.

"NOTHING CAN STOP THE DREAMS."

THEY'RE ALL AROUND US, MAN!

THEY'VE GOT DRAKE AND VASQUEZ PINNED IN THE GENERATOR STATION, HICKS!

KNOCK IT OFF!

STICK TOGETHER AND WE'LL GET THROUGH THIS.

ME AND FROST'LL TAKE THE FRONT. HUDSON--THE REST OF YOU EASE AROUND BACK. WE'RE GONNA OUTFLANK THESE MOTHERS.

OUTFLANK THESE MOTHERS.

CROWE!

HONEY, I'M GOING TO HAVE THE PRIVATE TAKE YOU TO THE--

DON'T LEAVE ME.

IT'S GOING TO BE FINE. I'LL BE BACK.

BOM-BOM-BOM!

DIE DIE DIE!

WE GET OUT OF THIS, HICKS, AND I'M BUYING YOU A DRINK.

WHEN WE GET OUT OF THIS YOU'RE BUYING ME THE WHOLE DAMN *REFINERY.*

OKAY--ON MY COUNT. ONE--TWO--

GENERATOR ROOM

THREE!!
FROST--! VASQUEZ... DRAKE! THEY'RE BOTH DEAD! SOMETHING-- INSIDE THEM--
FROST?
DIETRICH! HUDSON! GIVE ME A FIX ON YOUR POSITION! THERE'S SOMETHING DAMN STRANGE IN--
HELP ME, HICKS-- DON'T LEAVE ME--
NO-- NO--

HICKS! FRONT AND CENTER!

14 BRIG CELL BLOCK

GIVE IT A REST, PERKINS. I'VE STILL GOT 24 HOURS TO SERVE ON THE DED CHARGES.

YOU *WISH*, PAL. MUCH AS I'D LIKE TO SLAM YOU BACK FOR ANOTHER CYCLE, YOUR HIGH RANKING FRIENDS HAVE OTHER PLANS.

IT'S ABOUT TIME! I'M NOT SAFE IN HERE WITH HIM!

I DON'T *HAVE* ANY HIGH RANKING FRIENDS.

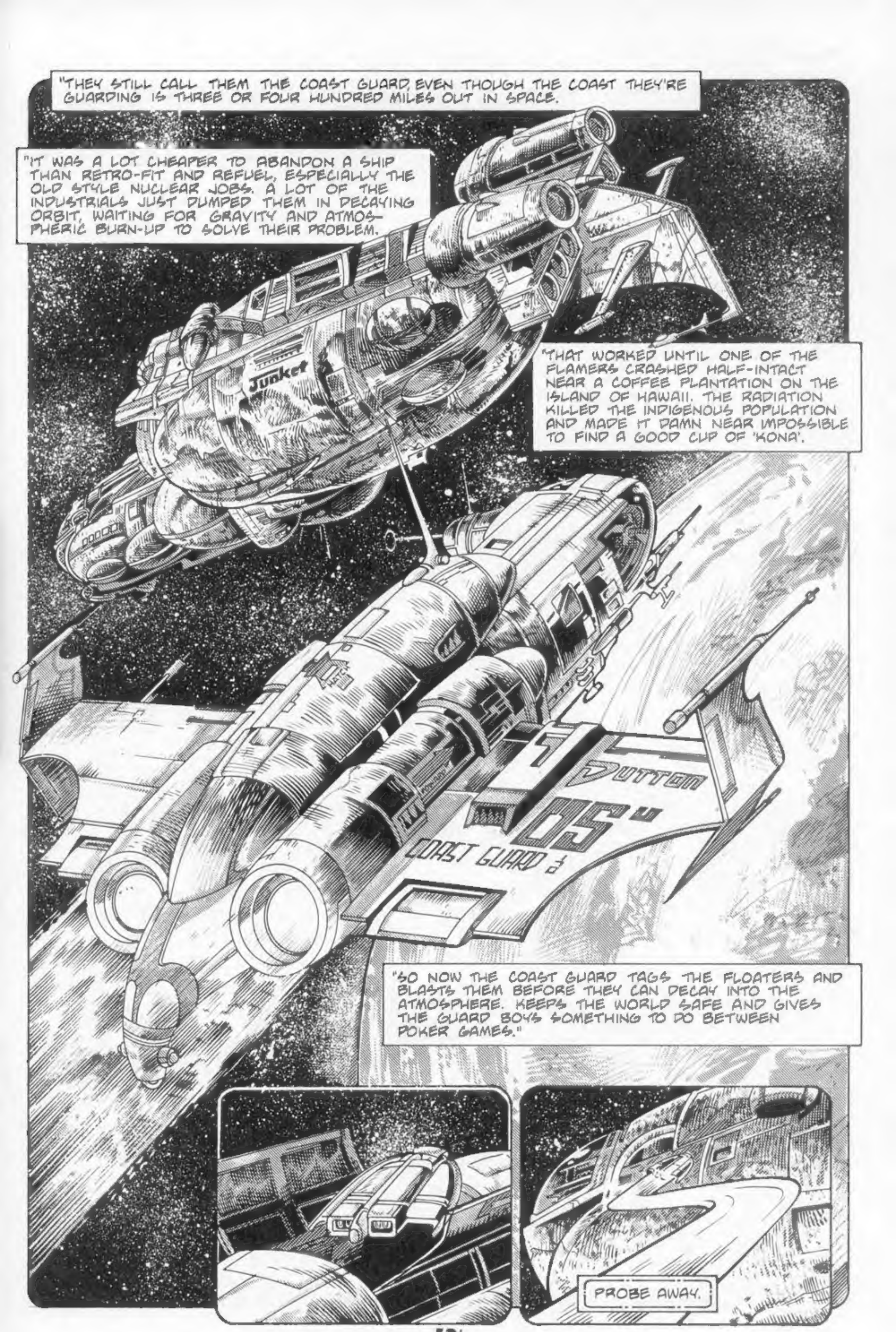
HE'S *SICK*, MAN-- YOU DON'T KNOW *WHAT* HE'S GOT INSIDE HIM--!

SOUNDS LIKE YOU DON'T HAVE ANY *FRIENDS*, PERIOD.

WATCH THE DISC AND REPORT TO COLONEL STEPHENS AT 0800. HELL, MAYBE YOU COULD EVEN TRY AND LOOK LIKE A SOLDIER.

I'LL TRY IF YOU'LL TRY.

"I KNEW IT WAS A BAD SIGN WHEN PERKINS ACTUALLY OPENED THE CELL. I LEARNED A LONG TIME AGO--*NOBODY* GOES OUT ON A LIMB UNLESS THEY WANT SOMETHING. SOMEBODY MUST HAVE WANTED ME *BAD*."


"THEY STILL CALL THEM THE COAST GUARD, EVEN THOUGH THE COAST THEY'RE GUARDING IS THREE OR FOUR HUNDRED MILES OUT IN SPACE.
"IT WAS A LOT CHEAPER TO ABANDON A SHIP THAN RETRO-FIT AND REFUEL, ESPECIALLY THE OLD STYLE NUCLEAR JOBS. A LOT OF THE INDUSTRIALS JUST DUMPED THEM IN DECAYING ORBIT, WAITING FOR GRAVITY AND ATMOSPHERIC BURN-UP TO SOLVE THEIR PROBLEM.
Junket
"THAT WORKED UNTIL ONE OF THE FLAMERS CRASHED HALF-INTACT NEAR A COFFEE PLANTATION ON THE ISLAND OF HAWAII. THE RADIATION KILLED THE INDIGENOUS POPULATION AND MADE IT DAMN NEAR IMPOSSIBLE TO FIND A GOOD CUP OF 'KONA'.
DUTTON
COAST GUARD
"SO NOW THE COAST GUARD TAGS THE FLOATERS AND BLASTS THEM BEFORE THEY CAN DECAY INTO THE ATMOSPHERE. KEEPS THE WORLD SAFE AND GIVES THE GUARD BOYS SOMETHING TO DO BETWEEN POKER GAMES."
PROBE AWAY.

SEE THAT, LYLE? THE DOOR'S BULGING *OUT*. LIKE SOMEBODY WAS TRYING TO BLOW IT FROM THE *INSIDE*.

THAT'S CRAZY. THAT'S A *DRYDOCK* PORT. OPEN *THAT* IN SPACE AND IT'S BYE-BYE ATMOSPHERE.

YEAH, AND THE *PILOT'S POD* IS GONE, TOO.

15:32:10

3...2...1... KAPOW.

GOOD SHOT. TAKE 'ER IN.

15:33:08

OH, *JESUS*--

STUPID BASTARD WASN'T EVEN WEARING A PRESSURE SUIT--LIKE HE WAS COMMITTING *SUICIDE*--

HURRY IT UP. THIS THING'S STARTING TO HEAT UP.

15:39:55

KILL US ALL

IS THAT BLOOD? I THINK THAT'S *BLOOD*, MAN!

I'VE SEEN THIS BEFORE--IT'S LIKE MEGA-CLAUSTROPHOBIA OR SOMETHING--ONE GUY SNAPS AND TAKES THE REST WITH HIM.

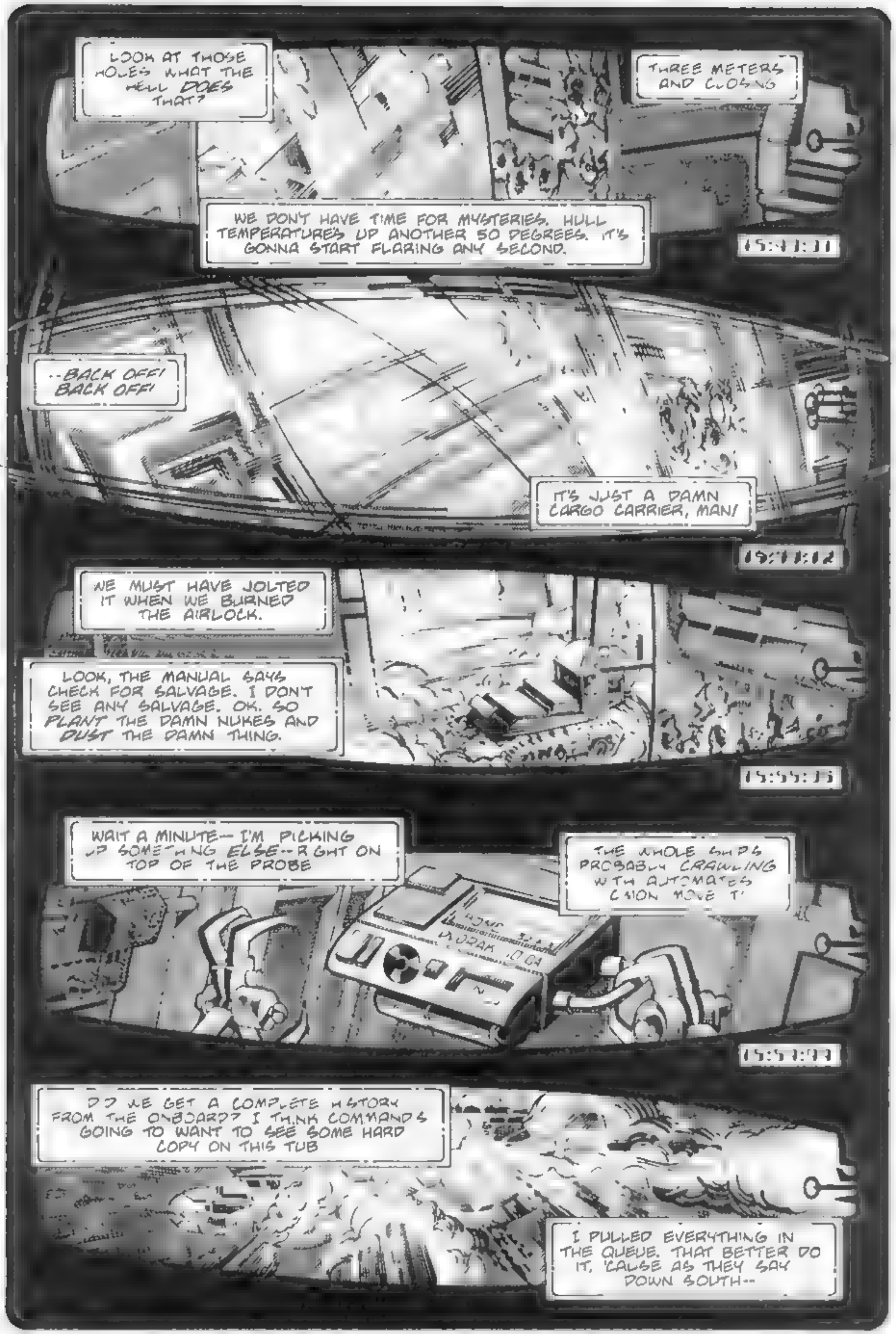
15:36:20

LOUNGE

FINALLY GOT A READ ON THE VESSEL. STANDARD TYPE FIVE, NUKE ENGINES, OLD STYLE TRANSMITTER--DID A LOT OF DEEP SPACE TIME. TOTAL BUCKET. NO WONDER THEY DITCHED IT--

WAIT A MINUTE. I'M GETTING SOMETHING ON THE MOTION DETECTOR.

15:38:44


LOOK AT THOSE HOLES WHAT THE HELL DOES THAT?
THREE METERS AND CLOSING
WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR MYSTERIES. HULL TEMPERATURE'S UP ANOTHER 50 DEGREES. IT'S GONNA START FLARING ANY SECOND.
15:41:11
..BACK OFF! BACK OFF!
IT'S JUST A DAMN CARGO CARRIER, MAN!
15:11:12
WE MUST HAVE JOLTED IT WHEN WE BURNED THE AIRLOCK.
LOOK, THE MANUAL SAYS CHECK FOR SALVAGE. I DON'T SEE ANY SALVAGE. OK. SO PLANT THE DAMN NUKES AND DUST THE DAMN THING.
15:55:15
WAIT A MINUTE— I'M PICKING UP SOMETHING ELSE--RIGHT ON TOP OF THE PROBE
THE WHOLE SHIP'S PROBABLY CRAWLING WITH AUTOMATES CAN'N MOVE T'
15:57:23
DO WE GET A COMPLETE HISTORY FROM THE ONBOARD? I THINK COMMAND'S GOING TO WANT TO SEE SOME HARD COPY ON THIS TUB
I PULLED EVERYTHING IN THE QUEUE. THAT BETTER DO IT, 'CAUSE AS THEY SAY DOWN SOUTH--

HASTA LA VISTA!
DAMN, THESE CONTROLS ARE SLUGGISH.
YEAH THAT'S WHY WE STILL HAVE JOBS. COMPENSATE, BOY! COMPENSATE!
I'M KICKING SOME
THE RETRO
DOORS OPEN.

THAT'S TOTAL VACUUM--AND IT'S ALIVE--!
IS PROBE SHIP DUTTON-- WE--WE'VE PULLE SOMETHING IN FROM--

MAYBE T'S SOME -IND OF-- PARASITE-- OR--

THAT'S NO PARASITE--

'I KNEW IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE IT HAPPENED. THAT'S WHY THE MARINES NEVER KICKED ME OUT OF THE CORPS. THEY KNEW IT, TOO.

BLOOD BEGAN TO BOIL--

WITHSTAND A HULL BREACH. THE CLEVER.

WERE MORE

"THE SHIP IMPLODED, TAKING THE ALIEN SON OF A BITCH WITH IT. BUT

SHIP TERMINATED.
NO SURVIVORS.

"WHAT WAS THE OLD PHRASE? 'WHERE THERE'S SMOKE, THERE'S FIRE.' YEAH— THE FIRES OF HELL."

YOU'RE LATE
GET OFF MY BACK SALVAGE. YOU'RE LUCKY I'M HERE AT ALL
Webster, DH Press, 2057: "Commercial television as it was known in the 1980s and 90s disappeared with the application of superconductive transmission technology to the then-existent cable television
BETWEEN THIS SHIT AND MY DAY JOB, IT'S LUCKY I FIND TIME TO SLEEP.
THE CAUSE IS FAR MORE IMPORTANT THAN YOUR SLEEP.
YEAH-- THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY
JEEZ-- THIS THINGS AN ANTIQUE. IT MUST WEIGH TWO OR THREE POUNDS!
BE CAREFUL I TOOK MONTHS TO LOCATE.
I'LL SET IT ON A MEDIUM SHOT, YOU AND THE BACKDROP. PRETTY DULL STUFF COMPARED TO THE SOUND MASSAGE AND SUBLIMINALS YOUR COMPETITIONS BEEN USING--
THE TRUTH OF MY MESSAGE WILL SHINE LIKE A BEACON THE OTHERS ARE PRETENDERS--
I PREACH THE GOSPEL OF--

IT'S YOUR MONEY. GET READY-- I SHOULD HAVE YOU ON IN A COUPLE OF MINUTES
I KNOW THERE ARE OTHERS WITH THE VISION. OTHERS WHO HAVE HEARD THE CALL THESE PAST FEW MONTHS
--THE TRUE MESSIAH--!
IT'S OKAY DOC I HOOKED UP A GUY LAST WEEK WHO SAID THE MESSIAH WAS PLAYING THIRD BASE FOR THE OSAKA PISTONS.
DOESN'T MATTER TO ME
GIVE THAT KIND OF RELIGION
BUT FOR THAT MATTER GOD

HI, NEWT-- CHECK OUT DIDI-- SHE'S AVERAGING 50 SWITCHES A-- HEY!
GREAT. CAN'T EVEN WALK STRAIGHT
YOU BLUED AGAIN, DOESN'T HE?
TREATMENT ISN'T IT?
SEDATIVES. CAN'T EAT? SEDATIVES. TALK OUT OF TURN? SEDATIVES
--COMPASSION AND LOVE AND--
YOU HAVE TO BE STRONG, NEWT. IN A COUPLE OF MONTHS YOU'LL GET YOUR HEARING AND
I'LL NEVER MAKE IT. EVERYTHING'S SLIPPING AWAY-- MEMORY CONTROL CAN'T EVEN WALK--
--FOR THE NEW WORLD OF--

THE DOCTORS
I DIDN'T ASK TO BE BORN OUT THERE! NOBODY WARNED ME ABOUT THE RISKS!
THE CHURCH OF IMMACULATE INCUBATION
YOU CAN'T GET IT OUT OF ME WITH DRUGS! I SAW THEM TEAR MY MOTHER APART LIKE A DOLL!
AND THEY'RE STILL OUT THERE!
THE ULTIMATE COMMUNION WITH THE TRUE--

WHAT WAS THAT OLD SLOGAN? 'THE MARINES WANT A FEW GOOD MEN.' I REALLY BELIEVED THAT KIND OF SHIT WHEN I SIGNED ON. THAT WAS BEFORE ACHERON. BEFORE I CAME HOME.
"I HADN'T BEEN OFF BASE IN YEARS. IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG TO REMEMBER WHY."
LANCE CORPORAL HICKS TO SEE COLONEL STEPHENS.
OH--! I MEAN--I'M SORRY--THEY'RE EXPECTING YOU...
"I'D HEARD ABOUT STEPHENS-- SPECIAL PROJECTS MAN. HE HAD ZIP COMBAT EXPERIENCE, BUT FANCIED HIMSELF A REAL WARRIOR. EASY TO DO IN PEACETIME."
CORPORAL HICKS? I--I'M GLAD YOU COULD MAKE IT DOWN. AT EASE.
"HE KEPT HIS HANDS BEHIND HIS BACK. AFRAID TO TOUCH ME."
I TAKE IT YOU'VE SEEN THE DISC ON "THE DUTTON."
YESSIR.
THEN YOU KNOW--
YESSIR. YOU COULD SAY THAT.
I UNDERSTAND YOU HAVE SOME--EXPERIENCE-- IN THESE MATTERS.
DOCTOR, PLEASE--LET ME HANDLE THE--
WELL? IS IT TRUE?

"I WAS PART OF A DETATCHMENT SENT TO INVESTIGATE LOSS OF CONTACT WITH A TERRAFORMER COLONY ON THE PLANET ACHERON. COMMAND SUSPECTED AN ALIEN PRESENSE WAS INVOLVED.
"THE COLONY HAD BEEN RANSACKED. WE FOUND A SINGLE SURVIVOR--A YOUNG GIRL NAMED NEWT. THE REST OF THE COLONISTS WERE DEAD.
"BEFORE THE SQUAD COULD EFFECT DUST-OFF. WE WERE FORCED TO ENGAGE THE ALIEN ENEMY IN CLOSE QUARTERS.
"OTHER THAN MYSELF, A CIVILIAN NAMED RIPLEY, AND THE YOUNG GIRL, NO ONE FROM THE MISSION SURVIVED."
SURVIVAL IS SUCH A RELATIVE TERM, CORPORAL HICKS. I'VE BEEN READING YOUR FILE.
YOU HAD A STERLING RECORD PRIOR TO THE ACHERON MISSION.
SINCE YOUR RELEASE FROM MEDICAL THIS SEEMS TO HAVE-- CHANGED.

SIR, I WASN'T AWARE THAT MY RECORD WAS THE SUBJECT OF THIS DISCUSSION.
COLONEL, PLEASE, MAY I HAVE A FEW MOMENTS WITH THE CORPORAL-- ALONE?
MUCH BETTER. I FEEL STIFLED BY MILITARY IGNORANCE, DON'T YOU?
LOOK, WHATEVER YOUR NAME IS--YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT THOSE ALIEN BASTARDS, FINE--
--BUT I DON'T SEE HOW MY RECORD IS PERTINENT TO--
MY NAME IS ORONA--AND IT'S ENTIRELY PERTINENT. PERHAPS A REVIEW IS IN ORDER.
"IN THE COURSE OF YOUR MISSION TO ACHERON YOU SUFFERED SEVERE ACID BURNS -- DEEP AND QUITE DISFIGURING."
GAAAGGHH--!
"ONCE BACK ON EARTH, YOU SPENT SEVERAL MONTHS IN QUARANTINE WAITING TO BE CLEARED INTO THE GENERAL POPULACE. THERE WAS CONSIDERABLE CONCERN OVER THE-- INFECTIOUS NATURE OF THE ALIEN SPORE.
"ACCORDING TO HOSPITAL REPORTS, YOU DIDN'T HAVE A SINGLE VISITOR DURING THIS ENTIRE PERIOD."

"WHEN YOU WERE FINALLY REINSTATED TO ACTIVE DUTY, THERE SEEM TO HAVE BEEN PROBLEMS IN-- READJUSTING-- TO MILITARY LIFE. FORMER COMRADES, FEARFUL YOU MIGHT SOMEHOW BE 'INFECTIOUS' FROM THE ALIEN BLOOD, AVOIDED CONTACT.
"YOUR LATER RECORD IS PAINFULLY REPETITIVE--DRUNK AND DISORDERLY, BRAWLING, PUBLIC INTOXICATION. REALLY QUITE DISAPPOINTING."
OH GOD NO-- DON'T TOUCH ME! DON'T TOUCH ME!
I'M A GENETICIST, CORPORAL, BUT IT DOESN'T REQUIRE A PSYCHOLOGIST TO SEE A PATTERN IN THIS SELF-DESTRUCTIVE BEHAVIOR.
ALL OF IT STEMMING FROM THE ACHERON MISSION.
WHAT THE HELL DO YOU WANT FROM ME?
BEFORE THOSE COAST GUARD FOOLS DESTROYED THEMSELVES, THEY MANAGED TO TRANSMIT THE DATA BANKS FROM THE DERELICT TO OUR GROUND STATION.
WE HAVE THE ENTIRE INBOARD HISTORY, INCLUDING COURSE TRAJECTORIES.
CLICK
YOU SEEK REDEMPTION. I SEEK--
SPECIMINS.